

Chaos Theory (On Hiatus)

by Electronic Ink 0

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Summary: Alexis is a shameless fangirl, but she's never been one for magic. So when she's involved in a car accident that leaves her struggling to swim in a river, it's a complete shock when she washes up on Berk a month before the movie. Knowing that there is no way to return home, Alexis has to find a way to live on Berk without triggering the Chaos Theoryâ€|

1. Chapter 1

AN: Hey there! I had a dream the other night-

MOONCHASER: About how we only get one life. Woke me up right after two-

SKYE: Skadi's snowshoes, be quiet! Anyway, most of my fanfiction ideas come from my dreams because I have weird-a dreams a LOT. I was in a car accident, and I fell off the Ma:Mu Canopy Walk (lol wut?) and landed in a river. Then I turned around and hey ho, Morgan Freeman was telling me I got a second chance and he turned into Stoick.**

****HAWKSNATCHER**: You are SO CRAZY**

SKYE: Yeah yeah, so are you, you oversized salamander. Anyway, I started thinking about what I would do if I was trapped on Berk, and thus Chaos Theory was born. Enjoy!

CHAPTER ONE

The water was flowing in through the vents, the gaps between the doors, where the side of the car had been dented severely. Alexis writhed in her seat, scrabbling for the seat belt. The click echoed strangely through the car. Outside, the water was covering the car, murky and invincible. Her mother was half-conscious. Alexis clawed her way to her mother's seat, managing to undo that seatbelt too.

"Wake up! Mum, wake up!" she cried, panicked. She could faintly hear sirens and screams from far above them. Her mother blearily opened her eyes.

"We have to get out!" Alexis cried. Her mother's eyes focused, and turned to the door. Water was up to her knees.

"We'll have the one chance," her mother said, fighting to stay calm. "Hold your breath."

"Hum!" Alexis blurted. Her mother blinked. "I don't know why, I can't remember. But we have to hum as we swim up. I don't know if it applies to rivers, but just in case. I read it somewhere."

"Good God, 'lexis, _hum?"

"Just do it!"

"Okayâ€|"

The water had reached Alexis' stomach, and was freezing cold, promising death. Her mother looked at her one more time, then forced the door open. Instantly, the filthy water rushed in, eager to claim the two. They kicked out, fighting their way from the car, battling to the surface. Alexis was chokingly humming, a song she wasn't sure of. Was it the national anthem? she wondered. Her mother was just ahead, kicking out frantically. The water had lightened somewhat, and Alexis knew she didn't have far to go. She kicked harder, her lungs burning like they were on a stove. Her eyes were dimming; though from lack of oxygen or from the murky water, she couldn't tell.

Then her head broke the surface. She sucked in air, soothing her lungs. Her mother was thrashing against the current ahead of her. There were ambulances and fire trucks on the bridge they had been thrown from, and firemen were already scrambling for anything that would float to throw the pair in the river. Her mother was hurled a kickboard of some description, given by a bystander.

Alexis was being swept further and further from the bridge, kicking furiously. Her head hit a branch or something protruding from the riverbed below, and her thoughts went fuzzy.

Dear God, help my mother, help her live, was Alexis' last groggy thought before being swept under once more.

0~0~0~0~0

She woke on sand. Sand? she thought woozily. She dug in her fingers. Yep, sand, albeit wet sand.

What, do I build a sandcastle while waiting for Saint Peter, she wondered, then laughed, the simple hilarity of the idea seeming like the funniest joke in the world. She cracked open her sore eyes. She could see the ocean. She scrambled away from the water, hissing vehemently at the idea of being submerged once more.

Wait, she thought. This isn't Heaven. If it was, I wouldn't be scared. So where am I?

She tried to call out, but her voice caught. Clearing her throat, she

tried again.

"Is there anybody here?" she yelled. Silence.

"Hello? Anybody here?" she tried again. Then a silhouette appeared from further down the beach.

"Oh, my gods. CHIEF!" the silhouette bellowed. Another joined it. They strode closer to the dripping wet, sand-covered girl. She struggled to make them out. Were they aliens? They had horns, and they were huge.

Then she saw the huge red beard, and the big furry cloak, and her knees gave way.

"You're alive," she said, before keeling over in a dead faint.

AN: Realised it's not that obvious, but this IS a chapter story! There will be more!

2. Chapter 2

AN: **_Howdeedoodeethere, da wingless._**

CLOUDSKIPPER: NERD

SKYJUMPER: He has a point. Why bother speaking Dragonese if your dragons speak English?

SKYE: Blah be blah. Anyway, second chapter! I want to add some clarity to the last AN; there **_is _****a river, I forget its name, near the Canopy Walk (a tourist attraction in the north) but it's about 500 metres away from the walkway. So unless I do a Rue (shut up, Ruffnut) or steal Hiccup's flight suit, there's no way I could fall off the walkway and land in the river. Thus, dream makes zero sense. Long story short, dream made no sense but surfaced here.
**

-Note: lots of modern references will be made in this story: virtual cookies to anyone who can guess them. Let the story begin!

SKYJUMPER: Me **_Ne-ahh **_**own HTTYD**

_ "__It's called Flipping," a voice said. She spun. A man was standing before her._

_ "__God?" she said quaveringly. He laughed._

_ "__God, Zeus, Jupiter, Odin, Osiris, whatever you want to call me." The man said. With each, his eyes changed colour; at Odin, one vanished._

_ "__What's called Flipping?" she asked._

_ "__What happened to you. It's an instinct thing of mine, one I should really learn to control. You died, I didn't want you to die, I reacted rashly, and thus you no longer exist in your own world._

_ "What do you mean?" she cried._

_ "I wanted you to live, but I did it wrong. I transported you back in time nearly 2000 years by accident. And I can't fix it. What a stupid system._

_ "Back in time? Bull," Alexis said._

_ "Bull? BULL? My child, everyone in your world thinks you are dead, drowned. I had been trying to flip you based on your memories, but you just came back from watching that movie, so I accidentally dumped you in the movie's time._

_ "How to Train Your Dragon? It's real?"_

_ The man shrugged. "Everything's real. Have you heard of the quantum universe theory?"_

_ "Vaguely. I saw it on Doctor Who._

_ "Well, you're in a parallel universe; sadly, one with no Doctor to take you back to your own time. You're stuck, well and truly.."_

_ "You can't be serious! This isn't possible!" She was screeching now, but crying at the same time. _

_ "I'm God- or Zeus, Jupiter, Odin, Osiris or whatever. Everything's possible for me. Also, get out all the freaking now- you'll terrify the Vikings if you start ranting about car crashes._

_ "What the heck happened? I'm from 2014! I can't just randomly end up in Viking times!"_

_ "Yes, you can,"_

_ "SHUT UP! This is nuts! I mean, I should have died! I drowned! My car was hit on a bridge, we went off the side and I got washed away! I shouldn't just TURN UP ON A FICTIONAL ISLAND!"_

_ She was pacing now, waving her hands frantically._

_ "Why am I even talking to you? This is some crazy dream! I'm NOT on Berk!"_

_ "Yes, really, you areâ€|"_

_ "NO! I CANNOT be on BERK!"_

_ "Be thankful you know a lot about Berk in the first place. You could have ended up in Fairyland._

_ Alexis fell silent._

_ "Now," He said. "There are a few issues we're going to have to address. For one, your eyesight. Clearly, you can't wear contact lenses two thousand years before they're invented, so I'll sharpen up your eyes for you._

The lenses popped out of her eyes, and Alexis could still see, clear as anything.

_ "Also, you'll need to be able to speak Old Norse, and you'll need a new name. 'Alexis' would be crazily foreign; they might decide to kill you in case you're a Roman or something. You can make that up yourself. And another thing; your memory. I'll help you remember everything about How to Train Your Dragon; maybe you can use that knowledge to stop them killing you."_

_ "Stop! You can't expect me to believe this! If I _am _on Berk, then how do I live? I'm just as useless as Hiccup is with fighting!"_

_ "Make the most of it. And try not to interfere with what happens in the movie- can you imagine if someone's parent realises that the girl who went missing looks exactly like someone in her son's favourite movie? And also, you might end up causing some crazy grandfather paradox."_

_ "Wait, no, don't go!"_

_ "Too late," he said, and vanished._

She awoke in dry clothing. Dry. Alexis loved that word. Beside her was an elderly woman in a Viking helmet, and she felt her stomach lurch. So it was true. She felt tears well up and she blinked them away. The woman beckoned over a man. He was missing a hand and a foot. Gobber.

"Ermâ€œ! hello. She says that there is an orange Nadder on your foot-"

Gothi whacked him with her staff.

"Oops. She says her name-"

"Your name is Gothi, you're the elder of the island of Berk," Alexis blurted.

The woman stared. Alexis looked out the windows. No dragons- which meant that this was before the first movie. Hell. _I might as well keep going. Maybe they'll think I'm magic or something, _she thought.

"And you're Gobber, you're a blacksmith, you have an assistant named Hiccup who always manages to get into trouble. He's the heir to Berk's chiefdom."

Gobber blinked.

"Well, then. That solves that problem. What's yer name, lass?"

It was Alexis' turn to blink. What would she call herself? If what God- wow, that was strange- had said was true, she wanted to forget her old life entirely. Something mysterious, maybe, since she'd already dumped herself in an all-knowing hole. Then it came to her, a memory from a book she'd read. _Which meant 'Storm-cleaver' in the old speakâ€œ!._

"I'm Vervada,"

"Do you know who your father is?" Gobber asked.

My father, my father, who's my father? I can't jolly well say Joseph, so-

"Horst," she said. "I'm Vervada Horstson,"

And, feeling she might as well do it right, Vervada said;

"Some call me She of the Knowing Eyes,"

"What, are you a wise woman's apprentice or something?" Gobber asked incredulously.

"No, but I can sometimes see the future, and would be honoured if I could use my power to help you on Berk,"

She had seen both movies, and every episode of Dragons. If that didn't count as knowing the future, she didn't know what would.

Gothi began scribbling in the dirt. Gobber leaned over to read it.

"She says that this is an audacious claim, and tonight she will converse with the spirits to see if it is true. Until then, you need to meet our chief, Stoick-

"Stoick the Vast, O Hear His Name and Tremble." she finished.

"Yep. This is going to take a while to get used to," Gobber said.

Vervada pulled the fur blanket off her and went to stand up.

"What in Valhalla are yeh wearing?" Gobber asked in confusion. Vervada looked down. Good God, she was wearing a pink shirt. Vikings probably didn't even have pink.

"Ohâ€| could I trouble you for some clothes?" she asked tentatively. Gobber grunted an affirmative and went out looking for clothing. Gothis was looking at Vervada, sizing her up. Soon Gobber entered, carrying an armful of clothing.

"These used to belong to Astrid, one-

"Of your fire squad, along with the twins, Snotlout and Fishlegs." Vervada interrupted, for the kick of seeing Gobber's face.

"That's her," Gobber sighed. "They should fit, hopefully. Get changed," he said, and Gothis and Gobber left the room. Vervada sat down. So it was true. Berk! She was stranded on Berk! Well, since they already think I'm a seer or something, I might as well play it for all it's worth. She thought. Satisfied, she changed out of her clothes and threw on the considerably warmer Viking ones. A yellowish shirt with shoulder guards and a brown leather strap skirt, dark blue leggings and bandage-like bracers for her forearms. There was a pair of boots with leather straps and soft, spine-like extensions on the

back, with fur rimming. A strange fur-and-leather belt-like object, clearly designed to go around her midriff, was also there. Once she'd pulled them on, she sighed. She would have to get rid of the old clothes. That would mean leaving her old life behind entirely. She sucked in her breath and bundled them up, then stepped outside. Gobber was waiting.

"I'm ready," Vervada told him.

"Then let's go meet Stoick. He'll want to know how in Midgard you ended up on our island."

Vervada followed Gobber through the village, ignoring the pointing fingers. She passed a small brazier and tossed her old clothing into it, to Gobber's surprise. She turned away, not wanting to watch them burn, and continued on to Stoick's house and pounded on the door. It was answered by a skinny boy with a mop of auburn hair.

"Um, hey. Do you want dad?" Hiccup asked.

Vervada almost fainted. Hiccup!

"Yeah, this is that girl who washed up yesterday," Gobber shoved her inside.

"Hello, Hiccup," Vervada said.

He sighed. "I suppose Gobber told you all about me,"

"Nope. I'm a seer," Vervada said. It felt weird saying that.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "And my boots were given to me by Odin."

Vervada decided to try a trick she had discovered once at a school camp. She tilted her head at an angle from the fire and the light picked up the hazel flecks in her brown eyes, making them look like gold. She blinked to dispel the colourful dots the light scattered through her vision.

"Wowâ€¦ that's creepy. You have flashing eyes. But stillâ€¦" Hiccup said slowly.

Time to show off.

"Your name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. Your father is Stoick the Vast. When you were younger, he took you fishing and you tried to catch a troll. You're a cynic now; you don't believe in stuff like that. You invented a bola sling called the Mangler, which so far has failed to shoot down your target, the Night Fury. Your father never listens to you whenever you need him to, and you look like your mother, Valka, who was taken in a dragon raid when you were a baby. The others call you things like 'Hiccup the Useless' and 'The Screw-Up of Berk', but I'd advise you not to listen to them; they're full of it, most bullies are."

Hiccup goggled and was saved the awkwardness of replying by Stoick tromping out of the back room.

"Hiccup, give us a minute, hey?" he told his son. Hiccup scampered

out of the room. Vervada took a moment to look around. The house was different than the one in the movie; it must burn down at some point between now and then.

"So, what was your name again?" Stoick said.

"Al- Vervada," the girl caught herself. "Vervada Horstson, She of the Knowing Eyes. A pleasure to meet you, Stoick the Vast."

Stoick rubbed his head. "Gobber told me about this. 'Spose you think you're some wise seer or something."

"Yes, in fact, I am," Vervada said irritably. "You're Stoick the Vast. You were married to a woman named Valka, who was ten years younger than you but loved you dearly. You had one son together, Hiccup, and where others doubted you always believed he would grow up big and strong- and you're not completely wrong- but so far he hasn't. Together you and Valka cared for Hiccup until Valka was stolen by a huge dragon with four wings in a dragon raid, leaving Hiccup with a small scar on his chin. When you proposed to Valka properly, you sang her a song that even now holds a dear place in your heart."

Stoick straightened his helmet. At mention of Valka, he seemed fairly awkward.

"I'd like to know who told you all that, but I'm betting you don't even know the song's name. I proposed in private."

Vervada opened her mouth.

"_I'll swim and sail on savage seas, with ne'er a fear of drowning. And gladly ride the waves of life, if you would marry scorching sun, nor freezing cold, will stop me on my journey, if you would promise me your heart and love me for eternity. _Need I go on?"

Stoick stared, then placed a huge hand threateningly on Vervada's shoulder. She flinched and hissed like an animal, and Stoick jerked his hand away.

"Do _not _threaten me," she said, hoping she sounded braver than she felt, "or else you'll wake up in Jormungandur's stomach."

Stoick raised an eyebrow. Vervada was guessing this was the first time he'd ever been threatened by anyone smaller than a Gronckle. He sat back down and sighed.

"Well then. Maybe you really do have a talent there. But that doesn't tell me where you came from." the chief told her.

Vervada thought for a moment. What was her story? She decided on a version of the truth.

"I was in a boat, and another boat crashed into us. I doubt they even saw us; they were in a huge longboat and we were in a little fishing boat. Anyway, I fell into the water, and the gods washed me up here. It must mean I'm needed here,"

"You said 'we', " Stoick noted. "Were you alone on the boat?"

Vervada cursed silently.

"There was another with me, but she is safe. She will think me dead, but it is better that way."

End
file.